But what of that? *Demetrius* thinkes not ſo:
He will not know, what all, but he do know,
And as he erres, doting on *Hermias* eyes;
So I, admiring of his qualities:
Things baſe and vile, holding no quantity,
Loue can tranſpoſe to forme and dignity,
Loue lookes not with the eyes, but with the minde,
And therefore is wingd *Cupid* painted blinde.
Nor hath loues minde of any iudgement taſte:
Wings, and no eyes, figure, vnheedy haſte.
And therefore is loue ſaid to be a childe,
Becauſe in choiſe he is oft beguilde,
As waggiſh boyes in game themſelues forſweare;
So the boy Loue is periur'd euery where.
For ere *Detremius* lookt on *Hermias* eyne,
He haild downe oathes that he was onely mine.
And when his haile, ſome heate from *Hermia* felt,
So he diſſolu'd, and ſhowres of oathes did melt,
I will go tell him of faire *Hermias* flight:
Then to the wood will he, to morrow night
Purſue her; and for this intelligence,
If I haue thanks, it is a deare expence:
But heerein meane I to enrich my paine,
To haue his ſight thither, and backe againe. *Exit.*

Enter Quince the Carpenter, Snug the Ioyner, Bottome the Weauer, Flute the Bellows-mender, Snout the Tinker, & Starueling the Taylor.

Quin. Is all our company heere?

Bot. You were beſt to call them generally, man by man, according the ſcrippe.

Quin. Here is the ſcrowle of euery mans name, which is thoght fit through all *Athens*, to play in our Enterlude, before the Duke & the Dutches, on his wedding day at night,

Bot. Firſt good *Peter Quince*, ſay what the play treats on: then read the names of the Actors: and ſo grow to a point.

Quince.

Quin. Marry our play is the moſt lamentable Co
and moſt cruell death of *Pyramus* and *Thisbie*.

Bot. A very good peece of worke, I aſſure you, & a
ry. Now good *Peter Quince*, call foorth your Actors
ſcrowle. Maſters ſpread your ſelues.

Quin. Anſwer as I call you. *Nick Bottome* the Weau

Bot. Ready; name what part I am for, and proceed

Quin. You *Nick Bottome* are ſet downe for *Pyramu*

Bot. What is *Pyramus*, a louer, or a tyrant?

Quin. A louer that kils himſelfe moſt gallant, for lo

Bot. That will aske ſome teares in the true perfou
of it, if I doe it, let the audience looke to their eyes:
moue ſtormes; I will condole in ſome meaſure. To th
yet, my chiefe humour is for a tyrant. I could play
rarely, or a part to teare a Cat in, to make all ſplit the r
Rocks; and ſhiuering ſhocks ſhall breake the locks o
ſon gates, and *Phibbus* carre ſhall ſhine from farre, &
and marre the fooliſh Fates. This was lofty. Now
the reſt of the players. This is *Ercles* vaine, a tyrants v
a louer is more condoling.

Quin. Francis Flute the Bellowes-mender.

Flu. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Quin. You muſt take *Thisby* on you.

Flu. What is *Thisby*? a wandring Knight?

Quin. It is the Lady that *Pyramus* muſt loue.

Fl. Nay faith, let not me play a woman, I haue a bea

Quin. That's al one, you ſhal play it in a Maske, an
may ſpeake as ſmall as you will.

Bot. And I may hide my face, let me play *Thisby* to
ſpeake in a monſtrous little voyce; *Thiſne*, *Thiſne*, ah
mus my louer deare, thy *Thisby* deare, and Lady deare.

Quin. No no, you muſt play *Pyramus*, & *Flute*, you *Th*

Bot. Well, proceed. *Qu. Robin Starueling* the Tailo

Star. Heere *Peter Quince*.

Qu. Robin Starueling, you muſt play *Thisbies* mother